

"THEY SAY."

"They say" is a common liar,
And she goeth up and down,
And her tongue is a tongue of fire
In the homes of all the town.

Alike in hovel and palace,
And on the broad highway,
To our lips a poisoned chalice
She lifts by night and day.

What falsehood coins she utters!
Her breast, 'tis slander's seat;
And gossip's filthy gutters
Are tracked by her vagrant feet.

Over lives as pure and blameless
And white as the winter snows,
Suspicion unnamed and nameless,
Her passing shadow throws.

Lo! Where is a feeble brother,
Borne down in the deadly strife
That we wage with one another—
With a stab she seeks his life.

And where one sits lone and lonely,
As the widowed years go by,
She cometh, but cometh only
To beguile, and then belie.

The fame that virtue prizes,
The wreath that honor wears,
She soils with her dark surmises,
With her faltered fingers tears.
Then curse me the cruel liar
Who goeth her evil way,
And curse me the tongue of fire
That blasts with a breath "They Say!"

A Journey to the Planet Venus.

St. Nicholas for January.

Let us for a moment suppose certain railways to be built: one round the world in a perfect circle, others to various points in the solar system. And we will further suppose that the trains on these railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any required length of time; that their passengers could do without food or could be supplied with an abundance of it; that the bodies of such passengers could be made capable of enduring the various changes of air, temperature, and other climatic conditions, to which they would be exposed.

And on our world this kind of travel would be comparatively easy, and would take next to no time. In twenty-four hours the passenger could travel 1440 miles, or considerably farther than from New York to Chicago. In forty-eight hours he could travel as far as from Boston to Liverpool; and in less than seventeen days he could go round the world. But, as regards the journeys in space, a difficulty in most cases insuperable would stand in the way. In order to visit any but a very few of the nearest bodies in space, the travelers on our celestial railways would need to have their lives very greatly prolonged. Were they to set out for any distant part of the system, they all would die before they had fairly begun their journey. A voyage to the moon, to Venus, or to Mars would, under the above conditions, be possible; to any other body in the system it would be impossible.

The journey to the moon would be comparatively short. Our companion is distant about 240,000 miles; or, in round numbers, its distance contains ten times as many miles as are contained in the earth's circumference.

Traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 166 and 167 days to reach the journey's end. Compared with other heavenly distances, this is a mere nothing; but compared with the distances actually traversed by the average man, it is very great indeed. Few ever travel at sixty miles an hour, and then only for short periods, and at considerable intervals. Many, probably the majority, of those who live to a good old age cover less than 240,000 miles during their whole lives. A great traveler might do it in, say, fifteen years. For even a conductor or engineer of an express train, it would require several years.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking. We have seen that a succession of the longest journeys over this earth would form but short and passing episodes in a lifetime. We have seen that, on one of our imaginary railways, the traveler could circle the world in less than 3 weeks. We have seen, not only that a journey to the moon is quite possible to the passengers by our celestial railway, but that equal and even greater distances are often traveled on earth. But a trip to Venus would be a very different matter. Venus, as already stated, is about 26,000,000 miles away; or, at sixty miles an hour, without stopping, she is distant a journey not of three weeks, or six months, but of some fifty years. On the imaginary railway, such a journey would be possible, for a great many persons live longer than fifty years. But in

real life no one ever has traveled, and no one ever will travel, anything like so far. No human being ever has traveled 5,000,000 miles; and it is safe to say that no one ever will. To complete this measure of journeying would require an average of 100,000 miles a year for fifty years. Some few, perhaps, in all their lives, may have traveled 1,000,000 miles, but these are probably very rare exceptions. So we see that no one ever has lived who has traveled more than a small part of the distance to Venus. Yet, compared with other bodies in the system, this star may be said to be almost a next-door neighbor.

The Saloon Power of New York.

The Metropolitan.

There is no more greivous evil in the majority of our large cities, and especially in New York and Brooklyn, than the rule of politics by the Rum power. It is estimated that there are upwards of twelve thousand saloons in these two places alone and it is not too much to say that each of these Gilded Gin mills is responsible for a share of the poverty and crime that exist. It has been shown that the Excise Commissioners do not grant licenses in accordance with the Excise law; that the Police Commissioners do not vigorously enforce it; that the Mayor is trammeled by the confirming power of the Aldermen, and that the latter are to a great extent interested in the liquor trade.

In 1887, the Church Temperance Society made a complete list of all the liquor licenses then existent in the city, and among other things was published a table showing that 633 political meetings were held in saloons, 86 were held next door to saloons, and only 283 held apart from saloons, a total of 1,002. A Temperance orator needs no stronger argument than is contained in these figures. But the most amazing figures are those which record the chattel or personal mortgages, given by these saloon keepers upon their fixtures, to the big brewers and others who set them up in business with the understanding that they shall retail only a specific brand of beer or other liquor. In one instance, that of Bernheimer & Schmid, the firm recorded 600 chattel mortgages, of the value of \$310,134; and in another 208 mortgages were recorded of the value of \$442,063. Eighteen other brewers hold 1,000 mortgages of the value of \$949,000. According to the pamphlet issued by the Church Temperance Society from which we derive these facts, there have been granted on saloon fixtures in the city of New York, from October, 1887, to October, 1888, the total number of 4,710 chattel mortgages with a total value of \$4,959,578. It is a truism that "figures never lie," and in the foregoing, we may read the reason why the grog-shop has become a power for evil well calculated to arouse the fears of every lover of his country. It is a trade that is sapping the best life of the country, for it is a boast that in New York alone it controls forty thousand votes.

They are Legion.

Sarsaparilla and other advertised blood medicines are numerous, but the only one possessed of such superior curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, as they are doing, through druggists, under a positive guarantee, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If it don't benefit, or cure you get the money back which you pay for it. It is recommended to cure all chronic, liver, blood and lung diseases, as biliousness, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, salt-rheum, tetter, erysipelas and even scrofula of the lungs (or consumption), if taken in time.

Mineral Wool.

Stoves and Hardware.

"Few people realize how popular mineral wool is becoming," said Baily Whipple, manager of the Western Mineral Wool Company, St. Louis. "A few years ago the people took hold of it reluctantly, now it is used in the construction of two-thirds of all the large buildings being erected. I believe that it will not be many years until some process will be discovered for weaving it into a cloth."

I notice in your paper that a patent for that purpose has already been granted in England, but nothing has come from it yet. I have every confidence that Yankee ingenuity will accomplish it, however, and the inventor may be sure of a fortune."

PICKETT, LOUISIANA, Nov. 11, 1887, MESSRS. A. T. SHALLENBARGER & Co. Rochester, Pa. Gentl—The sample bottle of pills you sent me last April I gave to a neighbor lady, and it cured her of a very obstinate case of third day chills, which every other remedy failed to do. Truly yours, JOHN PICKETT.

DRESS IN PERSIA.

The Frightful Costumes Worn by the Pretty Women of Teheran.

The out-door costume of the Persian women who dwell in towns consists of a sheet of cotton or silk 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide; it is dyed a deep blue with indigo. The chador, or veil, among the wealthy, may cost as much as £5 or £6, and among the fashionable is often trimmed with a delicate filmy fringe of gold-thread upon three sides of it. Lady Haberton's invention of the divided skirt has been the fashion among the Persian women from time immemorial. It generally, among the middle class, reaches just below the knee. The wealthy wear it considerably shorter, while the village women and the dwellers in tents allow it to descend to their ankles. When she is about to go abroad the Persian woman puts on a couple of long, pillow-case like bags of long-cloth, dyed of some very bright color, which are provided with shaped extremities, like stocking feet, of the same material. They are fastened at the waist by a girdle, and when put on resemble a pair of pillow-cases, with a foot at the extremity of each.

The feet of Persian women are the smallest in the world. She thrusts them into a tiny pair of high-heeled slippers, places the center of the untrimmed edge of the chador over her forehead, and then draws over her head the long white outer veil of fine linen, four feet long and two feet wide. There is an aperture in this veil one inch deep and three inches across; this aperture is covered by a patch of delicate embroidery, which enables her to see without being seen. This is the outdoor costume of the Persian woman; it is an absolute disguise, and effectually conceals her identity. It is probably the most hideous outdoor costume in the world, and its effect is absolutely ghastly, resembling nothing so much as the frightful costumes worn by the brothers of the Misericordia in Italy. It is expensive, ugly, uncomfortable, hot in summer, cold in winter; its exceeding folly is probably only excelled by the chimney-pot hat of civilization, and yet Persian women cling to the veil as a privilege of their sex.—Good Words.

Persian Horsemanship.

The Persians are good riders, and an English naval officer, "who had gone ashore at Abusheher, and was there mounted on a spirited horse, afforded no small entertainment to the Persians by his bad horsemanship." He was greatly mortified at this, and an English-speaking native, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, endeavored to comfort him on the following day in these words: "Don't be ashamed, sir; nobody knows you. Bad rider? I tell them you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you, you very drunk." The worthy Persian thought that it would have been a reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well, but none for a European to get drunk." Some mounted Arabs endeavored to entertain Mr. Layard, the explorer of Nineveh. "They would gallop off to a distance, put their lances at rest, and then make deliberately for his head. The compliment consisted in stopping the charger suddenly short so that the spear point would just touch his face. He naively adds that his life would have been sacrificed if the well-trained steeds had made the slightest false step, or by any inequality in the ground disappointed the expectations of their masters."—Saturday Review.

Counterfeiters in China.

Two coppersmiths out of employment in Hankow privately formed a little company to make copper cash, and began their operations for some reason by melting down about eight pounds of imperial copper coins. The band had made but little progress in their secret trade, having only manufactured altogether some ten thousand coins, equivalent to little more than three pounds, when they were captured, tried and condemned. According to the report, the pingleader was sentenced to immediate decapitation for melting down coin of the realm; the next, who had assisted in the work of coining, was sentenced to decapitation after imprisonment; while two others, who had polished the spurious coins, and the last, who acted as book-keeper, were treated not as principals, but as accessories, liable to importation to Turkistan and employment as slaves to the troops there—a fate believed to be worse than immediate decapitation. Some other men, who seem to have nothing to do with the coining itself, but acted as domestic servants to the principals, received sentences of three years' banishment and a hundred blows each.—Peking Gazette.

—A trading establishment in the Congo recently sent an order to England for a consignment of rum. And very appropriately it was added in a postscript: "Send more handcuffs."

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. H. Fleming.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by W. H. Fleming.

EULET MELONE'S WOOING.

The Heart-Rending Tragedy of Two Promising Young Lives.

"Is it not lovely?"
With lips slightly parted, her chest heaving with gentle excitement, and her eyes luminous with the dreamy exultation of a deeply-poetic nature, Glycerine McCurdy, in the first flush of her radiant young womanhood, leaned forward and drank in the glorious beauty of the landscape. Her companion was a young man with a broad, intellectual forehead, a cultivated eye-glass and a pair of the most esthetic legs that ever wobbled. Persons who have gazed in speechless admiration at those legs—but we digress.

At their feet, bathed in the hazy splendor of an Indian summer afternoon, broke the murmuring wavelets of the romantic Chlumet, whose blue expanse reflected in its placid bosom the golden sky overhead and the rich autumnal tints of the arboreal vegetation that fringed its shores.

"Lovely!" echoed the young man, in reply to the exclamation of his fair companion. "It is beautiful beyond description."

With his soul in his eyes the ecstatic youth was looking at the rapt face beside him, and not at the landscape.

"Glycerine," he said, and his voice vibrated with emotion, "are there not times when the soul, freed from its fleshy thralldom—hold still, for Heaven's sake!"

With a powerful sweep of his arm he struck to the earth a native mosquito, and stood over it with clenched fist and flashing eyes.

"It is dead," he panted.

"Eulet Melone," said the maiden, with ashen lips, "I thank you. You have saved my life!"

"Don't mention it, my darling!" he exclaimed.

A vivid blush overspread the face of the lovely young girl.

"Forgive me, Glycerine," murmured Eulet, "for my presumption in thus addressing you, but I can keep silent no longer."

He bent over her and his breath fanned her glowing cheek as he went on impetuously:

"Glycerine McCurdy, together we have fished for ring perch from the breakwater, forded Derborn street after a shower at the risk of our lives, braved the atmosphere of Bridgeport, read Browning till we have experienced a goneness that nothing but fried oysters would assuage, and together we have wandered on these classic banks, until I have felt that life would be a beastly sham, a cold fraud, without you. Glycerine, I—"

"Do not say it, Mr. Melone!" said the young lady, with averted face.

"Not say it?" he demanded hotly.

"After the soul communion we have had for years, the encouragement you have given me, not to speak of the bullion and caramels you have—but let that pass. Why may I not express the motions of my soul, Glycerine McCurdy?"

"Because"—and there was a despairing wail in her voice as she moved away from him and drew a long, shuddering breath—"because, Eulet Melone, I can never marry a man that eats onions."—Chicago Tribune.

STORAGE OF APPLES.

A Few Points About Keeping Fruit During the Winter.

There are but a very few points to the secret of success in keeping apples during the winter. The critical time is not in the winter, but before the cold weather sets in. In the first place, the apples should be picked before they are perfectly ripe—about the time they begin to ripen is the best. Picked at that time, carefully sorted and put in barrels, they can be left in the orchard under a shed, or covered with boards and straw, until the weather begins to get quite cool. Then they are carefully sorted and removed to a dry, cold cellar, or, as many must do, placed underground in a dry, well-drained location. They are, however, not covered in the pits very deeply at first, considerable straw is used, and they are covered lightly with earth until the ground begins to freeze. A large number placed in a heap will not freeze very easily, but ventilation is always provided through the upper part of the pit.

The cellar should not contain any vegetables. After the perfectly sound apples are removed to the cellar in clean barrels, they should be so arranged as to allow free circulation of air all around the barrels. Now, if the cellar is kept dry and at a temperature just a little above the freezing point, it is all that can be done. To keep the cellar cool enough requires daily attention; during the cool nights and warm days the doors and windows should be kept open all night and closed perfectly tight during the day; you thus bottle up, so to speak, the cool air of one night during the day, to be renewed the next, accomplishing, at the same time, one of the most important objects—a thorough ventilation, which, during the winter, should not be neglected.—Husbandry.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by W. H. Fleming.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 25 cents per bottle. Sold by W. H. Fleming.

Poor, Foolish Men.**TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.**

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month. WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

THAT FIGHT**The Original Wins.**

C. F. Simmons, St. Louis, Prop'r M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, Est'd 1840, in the U. S. Court defeats J. H. Zeilin, Prop'r A. Q. Simmons Liver Medicine, Est'd by Zeilin 1868. M. A. S. L. M. has for 47 years cured INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, LOST APPETITE, SOUR STOMACH, ETC. Rev. T. B. Reams, Pastor M. E. Church, Adams, Tenn., writes: "I think I should have been dead but for your Genuine M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine. I have sometimes had to substitute 'Zeilin's' stuff for your Medicine, but it don't answer the purpose." Dr. J. R. Graves, Editor The Baptist, Memphis, Tenn., says: "I received a package of your Liver Medicine, and have used half of it. It works like a charm. I want no better Liver Regulator and certainly no more of Zeilin's mixture."

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of losing your child by permitting Worms to work out its destruction. When a child fails to sleep well, is restless, unnatural in its appetite and grinds its teeth, you have strong indications of Worms; the positive cure for this is H. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge. Ask your druggist for it. Its timely use may save your child from its grave.